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We would also mention the Count's Home-made 7-Fingered Grain Cradle—a South Caroline production—of which we sold during the season of 1884 several dozen by way of introduction, and have made arrangements to furnish them this season sgain to all who may desire a good home-made Cradle.

Out "White Hickory" one and two-horse Wagons are well known throughout this country, and speak their own praise.

The Thomas Smoothing Harrow and Perfected: Pulverizer is an implement that should be on every farm. They can be used for cultivating crops of Corn and Cotton, well as in the preparation of the land for planting and sowing. Call and see them.

The "Wixon" Patent Heel Sweep is growing in favor every day. Invented and manufactured in Georgia. Used and recommended by the late J.-C. Furman, the great intensive farmer of Georgia. The blades being adjustable and easily changed, make it a cheap and desirable Sweep. We are taking orders for future delivery, and would ask you to call and examine it.

We also sell the Mishawaka Sulky and Walking Turn Plows in all sizes, The best Cheaper of the prayer of the prayer of the prayer of the parket to the parket made by S. W. Venable, of Petereburg,



GRANT'S HISTOY OF THE WAR.

wood nider son

Extracts From His Forthcoming [Book of Recollections.

The "Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant" will soon be published by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. It will be a book in two volumes, containing about five hundred pages each, and it is safe to contain portraits, maps, plans and other

In the opening chapters General Grant settles all speculations as to his origin by declaring that he is of the eighth generation from Matthew Grant, who settled in Dorchester, Mass., in the year 1630. His grandfather Noah served in the war of the Revolution and was present at the of the Revolution and was present at the battle of Bunker Hill.

LIFE AT WEST POINT.

General Grant thus tells the story of ate neighborhood who had graduated, and never a failure of any one appointed from Georgetown, except in the case of the one whose place I was to take. He was the son of Dr. Bailey, our nearest and most intimate neighbor. Young Bailey had been appointed in 1837. Finding before the January examination following that he could not pass, he resigned and went to a private school, and remained there until the following year, when he was re-appointed. But year, when he was re-appointed. But before the next examination he was dis-missed. Dr. Bailey was a proud and sensitive man and felt the failure of his son so keenly that he forbade his return

During my first year's encampment General Scott visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. With his commandreviewed the cadets. With discommanding figure, his quite colossal size and showy uniform, I thought him the finest specimen of manhood my eyes had ever beheld and the most to be envied. I could never resemble him in appearance, but I believe I did have a presentiment for a moment that some day I should occupy his place on review, although I had no intention then of remaining in the arm. the army. But my experience in a horse trade ten years before and the ridicule it impress me with the awe that Scott inspired. In fact I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, as the two men most to be envied by the nation. I was impatient to get on my uniform and see now it looked, besides probably wanting my old schoolmates, particularly the girls, to see me in it. But the conceit was knock-ed out of me by two little circumstances that happened soon after the arrival of the clothes, and which gave me a distaste for military uniform that I never recov-

TWO GENERALS CONTRASTED That General Grant was always a keen observer is illustrated by his sketch of the marked differences between General

Taylor and General Scott :eading commanders conducting armies eign land. The contrast between the two was very marked. General Tayor never wore uniform, but dressed imself entirely for comfort. He moved about the field in which he was operating to see through his own eyes the situation. Often he would be without staff officers, and when he was accompanied by ther there was no prescribed order in which they followed. He was very much given to sit on his horse sideways—with both feet on one side—particularly on the buttlefield. General Scott was the reverse in all these particulars. He always were all the uniform prescribed or allowed by law; when he inspected his lines word would be sent to all division and brigade commanders in advance, notifying them of the hour when the commanding genecommanders in advance, notifying them of the hour when the commanding general might be expected. This was done so that all the army might be under arms to salute their chief as he passed. On these occasions he wore his dress uniform, cocked hat, aguillettes, sabre and spurs. His staff proper, besides all officers constructively on his staff—engineers, inspectors, quartermasters, &c.,—followed, also in uniform and in prescribed order. Orders were prepared with great care, and evidently with the view that they should be a history of what followed. I saw a good deal of General Taylor during my service with the State. On one occasion he said to me that I ought to go into the United States service. I told him I intended to do so if there was a war. He spoke of bis acquaintence with the public men of the State, and said he could get them to recommend me for a position, and that he would do all he could for me. I declined to receive the indorsements for permission to fight for could for me. I declined to receive indorsements for permission to fight for

GRANT AND LINCOLN. The General's account of his first in-terview with Lincoln is full of inter-

General Grant does not believe that General Beauregard deserved all the blame he got for his conduct at the battle

book in two volumes, containing about five hundred pages each, and it is safe to say that no publication of late years has created so much curiosity and such vast interest as to its scope and contents.

The book will be dedicated "to the American soldier and sailor." It will contain portraits, maps, plaus and other be nearer the river, was yet too far away from the Tennessee or even from th creeks to be easily supplied with water, and in case of attack these creeks would be in the hands of the enemy. The fact is, I regarded the campaign we engaged in as an offensive one, and had no idea that the enemy would leave strong intrenchments to take the initiative when he knew he would be attacked where he was if he remained. This view, however General Grant thus tells the story of some of the notable instance of his experience at West Point:

My father received a letter from the Hon. Thomas Morris, then United States Senator from Ohio. When he read it he said to me, "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment." "What appointment?" I inquired. "To West Point; I have applied for it." "But I won't go," I said. He said he thought I would, and I thought so too, if he did. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the requirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing. There had been four boys from our village or its immediate neighborhood who had graduated, and never a failure of any one appointed from Georgetown. except in the case of the was ontemplated. This view, however, did not prevent every precaution being taken and every effort made to keep advised of all movements of the enemy. Johrston's cavalry meanwhile had been well out toward cur front, and occasional encounters occurred between it and our outposts. On the 1st of April this caval-ry became bold and approached our lines, showing that an advance of some kind was contemplated. This view, however, did not prevent every precaution being taken and every effort made to keep advised of all movements of the enemy. Johrston's cavalry meanwhile had been well out toward cur front, and occasional encounters occurred between it and our outposts. On the 1st of April this caval-ry became bold and approached our lines, showing that an advance of some kind was contemplated. On the 2d Johnston and succeeded to the close of the battle and during the subsequent retreat on Corinth, as well as in the siege of that place. His tactics have been severely criticised by Confederate writers, but I do not believe his fallen chief could have done any better under the circumsta did not prevent every precaution being taken and every effort made to keep advised of all movements of the enemy. done any better under the circumstances Some of these critics claim that Shiloh was won when Johnston fell, and that if he had not fallen the army under me would have been annihilated or captured. "Ifs" defeated the Confederates at Shiloh. There is little doubt that we should have been disgracefully beaten if all the shells and bullets fired by us had passed harm-lessly over the enemy, and if all of theirs

GENERAL BRAGG. Among the anecdotes and stories, with

Among the anecdotes and stories, with which the book is plentiful by interspersed, is the following told at the expense of General Bragg:—

I have heard a story in the old army very characteristic of Bragg. On one occasion, when stationed at a post of several companies, commanded by a field officer, he was himself commanding one of the companies, and at the same time of the companies, and at the same time acting post quartermaster and commissary. He was a first lieutenant at the time; but his captain was detached on other duty. As commander of the company he made a requisition upon the quarter master—himself—for something he wanted. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and indersed on the back caused me were too fresh in my mind for me to communicate this presentiment to even my most intimate chum. The next Summer Martin Van Buren, President of the United States, visited West Point and reviewed the cadets. But he did not impress me with the awe that Scott in
Martin Van Buren, President of the duty of the quartermaster to fill it. The quartermaster still persisted that he was right. In this condition of affairs Bragg referred the whole matter to the commanding officer. The latter, when commanding officer. The latter, when he saw the nature of the matter referred, exclaimed, "My God, Mr. Bragg, you have quarrelled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarrelling with yourself." Longstreet was an entirely different man.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE. Of great value also is the General's Of great value also is the General's recollection of the surrender of Lee:

I found General Lee had been brought into our lines and conducted to a house belonging to a Mr. McLean, and was there with one of his staff officers waitwas occupying a hill, a portion of which was an apple orchard, across the little valley from the court house. Sheridan's court Judges Applause.] I told them in Tennessee, the other day, that you in Tennessee, the other day, that you forces were drawn up in line of battle on the creat of the hill on the South side of the same valley. Before stating what took place between General Lee and myself I will give all there is of the narrative of General Lee and the famous tive of General Lee and the famous want toget all right in the middle, [apapple tree. Wars produce many stories of fiction, some of which are told until they are believed. The war of the rebell-ion was fruitful in the same way. The story of the apple tree is one of those fictions, with a slight foundation of fact.

As I have said, there was an apple orchard on the side of the hill occupied by the Confederate forces. Running diagonally up the hill was a wagon road which at one point ran very near one of the trees, so that the wheels on that side had cut off the roots of the tree, which made a little embankment. General

shoulder straps of my rank to indicate who I was to the army. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and after shaking hands took our seats. What his feelings were I do not know. Being a man of much dignity and with an impenetrable free, it was impossible to say whether he fat inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or whether he felt sadly over

well in the old army, and I told him, as [Laughter.] Ain't you serry for a poor a matter of course, I remembered him coman who, every time she goes to perfectly, but owing to the difference in church, has to put her tender arm in the years—there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages—and our rank I thought it very likely I had not attracted bis attention sufficiently to be remembered after such a long period. Our conves-sation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. Gen-eral Lee at that time was accompanied by one of his staff officers, a Colonel Marshall. I had all my staff with me, a good portion of whom were in the room during the whole of the interview.

CRUSHING THE WORM. Sam Jones Throtting the Whiskey Stills.

Atlanta Constitution.

The greatest temperance rally probably ever seen in the city was that at the opera house last night, under the auspices of the Convention.

The house was filled to its utmost ca

pacity and the enthusiasm was high. It pacity and the enti-usiasm was high. It was largely due, however, to the remarkable speech which was delivered by the Rev. Sam Jones, the famous revivalist. His striking originality and his strong powers of expression were brought out into effective play and almost every moment during the hour which he occupled in his remarks he was interrupted by the applications of the lambtage by the applause or the laughter of his hearers. Mr. Jones handled whiskey in a way that showed his complete detesta-tation of it and his sentiments were made magnetic by the manner of their

expression.

He said: "I believe liquor is a good thing in its place, and I believe its place is in hell. [Applause.] If I was in hell I might drink it, but so help me God I never will on this earth drink it again." Speaking of the good that could be accomplished by prohibition and the difficulties that stood in the way of obtaining it, he said: "The main trouble is with these little politicians. They say it won't do to bring this question into politics. They say it will hurt your party. If your party has got to ride into power on a whiskey barrel, then I say it ought to be hurt. [Applause.] I am a ought to be hurt. [Applause.] I am a Democrat. I was born a Democrat, but f you make Democracy mean opposition o sumptuary laws and friendship to liquor, then I am anything but a Demo-crat. [Great cheering.] After all, this thing of politics is just a question of the "ins" and "outs." If the Radicals get the good old Democracy. "Turn the rascals out." [Laughter.] Some fellows say don't mix politics and religion. When you hear a fellow talk that way you may know he hasn't got any religion to mix. [Laughter.] I would mix to mix. [Laughter.] I would mix religion with politics, but not politics with religion. A little religion will help politics. It will make it clean and decent. [Laughter.] We want truth, justice and temperance mixed with politics in this State. [Applause.] I spoke to the Legislature of Tennessee on this subject the other day. They are talking about a constitutional amendment on the liquor question up there. We want this question cleared up beyond the reach of these little cross-roads judges who hop up every now and then and say something is unconstitutional. [Laughter] We want to do away with a subject to the subject of the subject o something is unconstitutional. [Laughter.] We want to do away with such judges and put decent men of brains and character in their places. You can't reform a State with a swill tub for Governor and a lot of old wash tubs sitting on the bench. [Applause and laughter.] You can't reform a State until you send good men to the Legislature. Some men come to every Legislature that meets in Georgia that ain't fit to go to the chaingang. [Great laughter and applause.]

want to get all right in the middle, [applause,] and if you refuse to help suppress the infamous wrong that is being done by whiskey, you are rotten yourself. [Laughter.] Some of you here don't know me. I speak plainly. I use words you can understand. Now you can take the Latin word decayed and it won't phase a follow. If you take the won't phase a fellow. If you take the good old Anglo-Saxon word "rotten" you can cut his head off. [Laughter.] You see, I choose my words. [Laughter.]
Of course there are always some little spelling book critics aitting around, who will go back on a fellow's grammar. I wouldn't mind being swallowed by a whale, but I would hate to be nibbled to death by minnows. [Laughter and

You have a hundred counties in Georgia where the liquor traffic is crippled. In eighty counties there is prohibition. I say look out for your drug stores. Lookout for your little simlin-headed doctors. [Laughter.] Some of them fill their saddle-bags with liquor and become travelling bar-rooms. [Laughter.] God pity a doctor that will prescribe liquor for a man! I might prescribe it for a poor, dying woman, but I would not give it to a man until he was dead. [Applause.] Whiskey is not You have a hundred counties in Geo would not give it to a man until he was dead. [Applause.] Whiskey is not good for one thing in this world for which there is something else that is better. [Applause.] If the time ever comes when they say to me, "You'll die if you don't drink whiskey," I will say, "Get my shroud ready." [Applause.] I mean to die sober. If a fellow gets so low that nothing but lieuxe will say. I mean to die sober. If a fellow gets so low that nothing but liquor will save him, I am ready to preach his funeral. [Applause.] And I have a text that I'll make him hope on. [Laughter.] I didn't mean to talk here more than half an hour. If any of you fellows get tired you know the way home. We wouldn't have missed you if you hadn't come at all.

The state of the control of the cont

hands of an old demijohn? [Laughter.] I put it in this way : The liquor traffic ought to be made so odious that nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell it and but an infernal scoundrel will sell it and nobody but an infernal fool will drink it. [Cheers.] Separate these liquor dealers from their liquor and they will be all right. The church that will house a man who sells whiskey is a detestable fraud. [Applause.] The church that will house a man who rents a house to sell liquor in is a hateful hypocrite. [Applause.] Some of these churches in Atlanta are doing just that thing. [Laughter here.] If there is in this vast and lence one man or woman who never I used to laugh at it myself, but I altered had a relative or loved one hurt or ruined my opinion two years ago last Fall. by whiskey, I want him or her to stand This change of heart did not come boa-constrictor around my neck than to have a drunken son-in-law. [Laughter.] The devil can't do any worse than that.
[Laughter.] Some of you old hypocrites that are dilly-dallying with the whiskey question are going to get caught just that way. The devil is going to slip up on you with a drunken son-in-law and I'll bet he will make you a Prohibitionist with a vengeance. [Laughter.]

I look around your city and see the barrooms as thick as the later.

Intelligencer.

parrooms as thick as stars in the heavens. Each one of the three hundred bars in Atlanta represents at least ten confirmed drunkards. Three thousand men in At-You can stop it if you want to. There are church members enough in this town to turn out any day and vote liquor out

lants across the line and gone to ruin! You can stop it if you want to. There are church members enough in this town to turn out any day and vote liquor out of it. [Cheers.] You are afraid to do it. You will let some barkeeper with an old rusty pistol cuss and rear around the polls and scare you home. You don't want to have a fuss. [Laughter.] Well, I'll tell you every good man dreads a fuss, but he don't fear anything that walks on the earth. [Cheers.] The church lays back en the idea that it must have peace. Old Joshua went out one day and fought all day long. He was crowding the enemy when he looked up and saw the sun going down. He said: "Lord, if you will just give me three or four more hours of sunshine, I'll clean these fellows up off of the face of the sare and all he could borrow on her good name. He once went so far as to pawn her furniture down to the cooking stove over which she supported him. I mention these things to show that the sequel was not altogether unprovoked.

FOR STRIKING A WOMAN. these fellows up off of the face of the earth." And the Lord just made that old sun rack back on the dial, and Joshua won a victory the fame of which has lasted until this day. [Great cheering.] God despises a coward. I had rather die at the mouth of a cannon doing my duty than to run away from it because I was God entrusts all the noble causes on this earth to men who are game.

[Cheers.]
One enthusiastic, brave man in each county in this State can carry prohibition in Georgia. If you haven't got one in your county import ene. [Applause.] I don't want liquor at any price. [Cheers.] If you fathers who have sons who are your pride and your country's hope, will give your enthusiasm, your money into this cause the day will soon come when a mother can kiss her boy when her leaves her side in the morning and know that he is safe. [Applause.] I waat to see the good people of Atlanta go to the polls and work as they did in Cartersville and this lieve he was mad with terror. His shirt lieve he was mad with terror. the morning and know that he is safe. [Applause.] I want to see the good people of Atlanta go to the polls and work as they did in Cartersville and this blighting curse will be lifted from your fair city." [Long and continued ap

At the conclusion of Mr. Jones'speech

Commodore Garrison was once captain of a steamboat on the Mississippi, and while selling tickets one day happened to rouse the ire of a passionate old man, who drew his piatol, and presenting it at the narrow window, full in the captain's face fired.

To nim now I... At the instant the bucket of tar was lifted, and about a gallon thrown wih a swash over his bare shoulders. He sprang erect at the cold touch of the pitch, and whirled around just in time to receive the rest of it on the head, face fired.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

Recollection of a Cold Night in a Colorado Camp.

Special Correspondence of Globe-D-mocrat. I was seated in the corridor of a hotel dience one man or woman who never I used to laugh at it myself, but I altered

by whiskey, I want film or her to stand up right now. You have all had a bout through my being tarred and feathbrother, or a son, or a father, or a son-in-law, ruined by whiskey. My goodness, these sons-in-law! I'd rather have a and took place at a little Colorado mining camp called Carbonville.

TAR AND FRATHERS IN COLORADO. Carbonville lies just over the conti-

carbonville lies just over the continental divide on the Pacific side, in Lake
County, about twelve miles from Leadville as the crow files. It was a mushroom city, and at that time was in the
hectic heyday of its prosperity. Its
business portion was made up largely of
saloons and faro banks, and the fact that
its nonpulation was mainly continued. its population was mainly gentlemen exiled for various offenses from Leadville will give an idea of its moral status. One of the very few "respectable" women in the camp was a Mrs. Jake Gory, who ran a little lunch room and restau-

FOR STRIKING A WOMAN. One evening Gory came into the restaurant drunk and struck his wife savagely in the face. We escaped through the back door of the kitchen, and she came in, scared and bleeding, and told

the story to some of the boarders. An impromptu indignation meeting was held among the "boys" and it was decided to tar and feather the f low and run him out of town. The parase sounded well in the mouth of the man who suggested to the parase sounded well in the mouth of the man who suggested that it was the

lieve he was mad with terror. His shirt and underclothes had to be literally torn off of him, and it was a good fifteen minutes' work before he stood, shivering

and stark naked in the moonlight.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jones'speech there were loud calls for Judge George N. Lester. The judge rose and returned thanks for the compliment, but said that little could be added to the speech that had already been delivered. The quiet crowd then adjourned.

APPLYING THE TAR.

I can see him now—is L. ared eyes dilated and his shock of yellow hair bristling on his head. His nude body stood out in bold relief against the ground that surrounded him, and the chill, penetrating air must have struck the wretch to the bone. At any rate, he crouched down and somebody called out: "Give it to him now!" At the instant the bucket

the narrow window, full in the captains face, fired.

The cap snapped. He tried a second time, and again failed. Garrison's own pistol lay within reach, but instead of taking it up, he quietly opened a drawer, took out a box of percussion caps, and handing it to his would be murderer said:

The cap snapped. He tried a second face and chest.

For a moment he stood petrified, the lies and uniting with a great puddle of it on the ground. Then he slowly raised his hands to his eyes and tried to brush them clear, but as his fingers had received a good share of the pitch, he only made matters worse, and dropped his

out his hand.

Another kind of courage is exemplified in a story told of a young New York inventor, who, about twenty years ago, spent every dollar he was worth in an experiment which, if successful, would introduce his invention to public notice and insure his fortune and—what he valued more—his usefulness.

It failed. The next morning the daily papers heaped unsparing ridicule on him. Hope for the future seemed vain. He looked around the shabby room, where his wife, a delicate little woman, was preparing breakfast. He was without a penny. He seemed like a fool in his own eyes; all these years of hard work were wasted. If he were out of the way, she could return to her friends. He went into his chamber, sat down and buried his face in his hands, with a destance of the story of the ment took the upper edge of the tick and inverted it over him. I suppose it was as complete a job of the sort as was ever undertaken; at least, nothing was overlooked like nothing human, but some strange species of monster blotched all over with fluffy white. His head selected and inverted it over him. I suppose it was as complete a job of the sort as was ever undertaken; at least, nothing was overlooked like nothing human, but some strange species of monster blotched all over with fluffy white. His head seemed about the size and shape of a bushel basket, and features were obliterated in the general blackness.

IT WAS A COLD NIGHT.

When the work was done he was given fifteen minutes to get out of camp. He was made to understand with difficulty, but was finally started on the trail and the crowd dispersed.

Early next morning some miners, going two work, found Gory back of a busheling.

went into his chamber, sat down and buried his face in his hands, with a desperate resolve to end it all. Then, with a fiery heat passing through his body, he stood erect.

"It shall succeed," he said, shutting his teeth. His wife was crying over the papers when he went back. "They are very cruel," she said.

"They don't understand. I'll make, them understand," he replied cheerfully, "It was a fight for six years, he said afterwards. "Poverty and sickness and contempt followed me. I had nothing left but the dogged determination that it should succeed." It did succeed. The lives an utter failure, as was everything else he tried, from grease to ammonia.

cal with leprosy. This sole difference was the frightful rapidity of their development. The distorted remains were opment. The distorted remains were hurried into a coffin and hurried into the

THE CAUSE OF BEATH.

A wise physician of Denver told me afterward that this closing up of the pores prevented the system from throwing off its impurities, and when the poison that every instant escapes in perspiration is held back or driven inward the blood is vitiated with inconceivable swiftness. He took down a book and showed me a case quoted from a French government report of 1862, where the college of report of 1862, where the college of surgeons, as an experiment, covered of surgeons, as an experiment, covered a boy with gold leaf. In six hours he was seized with a fever, then a torpor, and then died. The principle, he said, was identical. A man could no more live with his pores closed than he could with his nouth and nostrils hermetically sealed, and if any considerable number were stopped up blood disorders of the most dreadful character were absolutely certain to ensue.

I had seen enough, however, without I had seen enough, however, without the aid of science or history, to tell me that covering a man with tar was one of the most horrible punishments that cruelty has ever devised. I have no impulse to laugh when I hear of a case of it, but rather to walk away with a picture floating before my eyes of a hideously grotesque figure shivering in the cold night air and a bloated corpse in a rough pine coffin.

JOHN REX.

Fast Trains. Three of the oldest and most compe

Three of the oldest and most competent engineers to whom was committed the running of the fast trains, not long since asked relief at the hands of the Superintendent of the road. They had found that the mental and nervous strain which came upon them while urging their locomotives at this high rate of speed was so great that they found themselves unable to bear it. One of these men, an acquaintance of our informant, was a few months before a stalwart man men, an acquaintance of our informant, was a few months before a stalwart man, with a nervous organization which seemed capable of bearing anything that could be put upon it. He now had grown thin and haggard, while his brawny hand was trembling as if an incipient palsy had stricken him. He had been compelled to say to the management: "You must give me a slow freight train upon which I can have an opportunity to recover myself, or I shall be compelled to reaign my position in order to save my health, and even my life." To these men, the excitement, coupled with responsibility, great enough at ordinary these men, the excitement, coupled with responsibility, great enough at ordinary times, becomes simply unbearable when their engine was rushing over the rails at a speed of fifty or sixty miles an hour. These men were trained men, schooled to calmness and alertness combined, and had years of experience, but this excessive demand was too much for them.

There is something pathetic in this statement. It is well known that the relative cost of running a railroad train at a high speed is vastly more than running the same train at a lower rate, and

ning the same train at a lower rate, and the wear and tear of locomotive, rail and road-bed are so much greater, but we do not remember to have seen any facts exnibited as to the enhanced loss of nerve and vital power taken from the men who control these vaterial forces. That does not, as far as we know, ever appear in any annual report of the directors of a railroad. Possibly it has never been taken into the account or had a thought.

The passenger sits calmly enjoying the gentle sway or the glide as the telegraph poles flit by him, and steps from the car with an exultant remark about the less than two hours between the cities nearly a hundred miles apart, but gives never a thought to the man in front who, with strained eye, and hand on the lever, was all the time giving literally, moment by moment, a part of his life for those whose safety depended upon the touch of his hand upon the polished bar.—Christian Thiom.

tian Union.

The strength of women lies in their hearts. It shows itself in their strong lears. It shows itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgment to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds; but above all it is in their hopefulness and endu-"Take a new cap; yours don't work well."

The furious man stared at him a moment, then burst into a laugh and held out his hand.

Another kind of courage is exemplified in a story told of a young New York the bad? What mother or sister with deep and ardent love for such, will ever cease to cheriah hope or endure suffering on their account? The patience of women is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affections.

Few people will deny that love, in one form or another, makes up the beauty of life of a woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside of her immed? at circle is undertaken most offer from

does. Any work outside of her immediate circle is undertaken, most often, from a pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them, and very little work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case.

- The Abbeville Press and Banner says: "The work of harvesting the crops has been commenced, and the oat crops has been commenced, and the oat crop, though exceedingly small, is much better than our farmers at one time thought it would be. Wheat is good enough. Corn is as good as possible, and the area is much larger than usual. There never was a year when more labor or energy was expended on the farms than this year, and there never was a time when the prospect was more encour-aging."